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Grandmother's Day.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Junior Christian Endeavor World.')

'Supposing you were old—Oh, very old!' Josephine said dreamily. She was looking out across the lawn, across the street, at the desolate front of the Old Ladies' Home.

'No,' laughed Rose Mary, 's'posing I was young—Oh, very young. Thirteen years young! I'd rather s'posen nice things.'

'I was thinking about the old ladies over there,' the dreamy voice went on. 'About how it must feel, you know. Seems to me it must—hurt, Rose Mary. It might not be so bad if you were somebody's grandmother, and your little grandchildren came into your room every little while, and hugged and kissed you, and said "dear grandma" to you. That might be a little nice. Maybe you'd rather enjoy being old then. But over there——'

Josephine shook her brown head decisively. 'Not over there,' she said.

Rose Mary laughed again. Rose Mary always laughed. She had lived just opposite the Old Ladies' Home so long it had come to be a familiar spot in her landscape. The oldest Old Ladies she knew by name, and sometimes nodded to some of them in their windows. The newest one she knew by sight.

'What's set you to thinking about old ladies, Josephine Terry?' Rose Mary laughed. 'I never do. I'm used to 'em, I suppose.'

'Did you ever have a grandmother?' asked Josephine gravely.

'Of course—three.'

'Three grandmothers!'

'Well, one of them was a "great." She was the one that kept peppermints in her knitting bag for me, always. Red ones and white ones.' Rose Mary smacked her lips. 'I liked my great-grandmother best!' she laughed.

'I never had any,' Josephine said slowly. 'They died before I was born. When I was a little thing, I used to cry for a grandmother.'

'If you'd lived here then, you might have crossed the street and helped yourself to one! Taken your pick. There's plenty of 'em over there.'

Rose Mary dug her toes into the sod and sent the hammock a-soaring. When they came down again, Josephine's thoughts were still on the Old Ladies' Home.

'Don't they ever go anywhere, do you suppose?' she asked thoughtfully. 'Out-of-doors, or anywhere?'

Rose Mary refused to be serious. 'Oh, they go to bed, and down to dinners and suppers!' she said, giving the hammock another swing.

'To church or a-visiting or calling? They must go somewhere, Rose Mary. It's awful not to go somewhere!'

'Awful! But when you're old, maybe you don't mind it.'

'Yes, they do,' Josephine nodded positively. 'But you keep it to yourself, I suppose, and bear it. What do they do all day in the Old Ladies' Homes, Rose Mary?'

'Knit,' laconically.

'Did you ever go in there?' her eyes regarding the dreary brick front of the Home curiously.

'WOULD YOU MIND BEING MY GRANDMOTHER?'

(Drawn by Mary A. Lathbury.)

'Yes once; that's all. Old Aunt Euphemy dropped her spectacle-case out of the window, and I carried it back to her. She was knitting.'

'Didn't she want you to stay and make a call?'

'Why, I don't know. I didn't want to stay! It looked lonesome up there—ugh!'

'Well, Josephine got out of the hammock and struck a little attitude before Rose Mary. 'Well, I pity Old Ladies' Homes! I'm certain sure they hurt.'

She thought about it a good deal the rest of the day, especially every time she went by the tall brick building, and saw the sober old faces at some of the windows. She really thought they all looked sober. And why shouldn't they? If there never was anything sweet and bright in their lives,—never any little grandchildren running in and out of their rooms, never anybody to call on or to call on them, never any special day to look ahead to,—why shouldn't the sweet old faces at the windows look sober?

Josephine dreamed that night that her hair was growing white and little crow's feet were creeping into her face. 'You will be old pretty soon,' people said. 'Then you must go to an Old Ladies' Home.'

'But I don't want to. Must I? Can't I stay here and be a grandmother? I shouldn't know what to do there,' she pleaded.

'You can knit.'

'I don't know how; I don't want to know how! Would any little children ever come to see me there?'

'Oh, no not little children! You could not expect them to go to see Old Ladies. Maybe they might nod to you on their way past the house, and you could nod to them.'

'A nod isn't as good as a hug and a kiss,' wistfully. 'I should rather have a hug and a kiss.'

'Then you'll have to be a grandmother. That's your only chance.'

'Can't I go to see people? Won't they ever come and see me? It must hurt if you can't, and they never do.'

'Yes, it will hurt; but you'll get used to it most likely.'

Josephine woke suddenly with a sob in her throat. It was dim starlight in the room, but she could see the little brass knobs twinkle faintly on her bed; she knew it was her

bed. She put up her fingers and touched her hair. 'It doesn't feel white!' she laughed softly, in her relief at being young again. She turned over on her pillow, and went back to sleep; but first she made a firm little resolve to go and see one of the Old Ladies right away. It was not until next morning that she had her kind little inspiration to get up a Grandmothers' Day.

At the Do-Unto-Others Club she proposed it. Josephine was the president for August; they took turns every month.

'The meeting will please come to order—Oh, say, girls, I've thought of something beautiful! It's a way to do unto others, to do unto some dear, poor, lonesome old ladies! I know they're lonesome. I vote we have a Grandmothers' Day, and—and celebrate 'em!'

It was not very clear at first but untangled itself gradually, and was unanimously adopted. Every hand went up. Then Rose Mary made a list of the old ladies, and they each selected a name. Aunt Euphemy fell to Josephine.

'I'll take Aunt Mercy Grant,' laughed Rose Mary. 'Aunt Mercy is the little mite of a one with the striped shoulder-shawl.'

'I'll take Miss Honoria.'

'I'll take Grandmother Anon!' somebody cried gayly.

'And I'll take Grandmother Ditto!' cried somebody else. Rose Mary laughed.

'I couldn't remember all the names,' she said 'so I anon-ed one and ditto-ed another!'

'It's just as well,' the president said very gravely. 'You can find out all their names on Grandmothers' Day.'

A Saturday in mid-August was set, and all the plans were made carefully. There would be two weeks to get acquainted in; of course you wanted to get acquainted with your grandmother! Josephine called on Aunt Euphemy at once. She knocked at the door, and a sweet old voice said, 'Come in.'

'How do you do?' Josephine smiled shyly. 'I'm Josephine Terry. I came to see if you would like—if you would mind being my own grandmother.'

'Bless the child!' cried dear old Aunt Euphemy. She looked so astonished that Josephine couldn't help laughing, and of course then it was all right. In a minute they were quite 'acquainted,' and Josephine was explaining.

'You see, the sixteenth of August is Grandmothers' Day, and I need a grandmother to celebrate it,' she said. 'I'd like to have you. We're each of us going to have one, and there is going to be a picnic in the park. It's going to be just as nice as can be, honest. Our mothers are going to give us the dinner in baskets enough for each one of us and our grandmother. Don't you think—wouldn't you like to go to it?'

'Bless the child!' The old voice quavered with sudden tears, but Aunt Euphemy's eyes were full of light.

'I never had a grandmother before,' Josephine said softly, 'and if you haven't any little grandchild——'

Never mind the rest. Josephine went away smiling, and in dear old Aunt Euphemy's lonely heart she left a great warm spot.

On the sixteenth of August the nurses in the park and the stray resters on the benches under the trees wondered at the 'picnic,' that went on in the midst of them. A dozen or more grandmothers and a dozen or more little girls, one apiece, laughed and were happy under the trees. The young children or the old—it was a toss-up which enjoyed themselves most. There was the gay little feast of the things that grandmothers like, and there were the long rest in the cool shade and the stories that grandmothers always tell. Then the young children played and walked up and down the paths or fed the park swans, while the old ones dozed or looked on peacefully. Grandmothers' Day was a great success.

'Good-night, grandmother,' Josephine said at Aunt Euphemy's door again. And Aunt Euphemy said—you know very well what Aunt Euphemy said! You know she said, 'Bless the child!' but you did not see the soft, glad light in her faded old eyes. Josephine did.

How the Gospel Spreads.

(The Rev. R. A. Torrey in the 'C. E. World.')

Some years ago a number of Christian men in Minneapolis decided to carry the war into the enemy's country. They engaged the lowest and vilest variety theatre in the city for gospel services Sunday afternoons. The first service was held on New Year's Day.

A few days after, the writer received an anonymous letter from Ottumwa, Io. The writer of the letter said that he had been present at the theatre service on New Year's Day, and had heard the gospel, and had decided to leave a life of sin and turn to the Christ.

Many months after, a large, fine-looking, intelligent Englishman dropped into our regular services, and soon became a constant attendant. When it was decided to organize a people's church in the heart of the city, this man was made a deacon.

One New Years' Day, a few years after this, he said to me at our New Year's reception, 'Do you remember receiving an anonymous letter from Ottumwa, written one New Year's Day?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I wrote it. I came to America a professing Christian but the first thing I did after landing in America was to go into a saloon and get a glass of beer. I went very steadily down. In the three weeks preceding your opening meeting in the theatre, I had spent three hundred dollars in the place. That first meeting brought me back to Christ.'

A blind man was brought into the services at the Chicago Avenue Church by a Christian young woman. He seemed very eager to hear the way of life, and soon accepted Christ as his Saviour. One night after this step had been taken, the preacher was urging the Christians to go to work to bring in the unconverted. There was no hearty response. At last the blind man could stand it no longer.

'Why don't you help?' he cried. 'I can't see to bring any one, but I'll feel for somebody.'

The next night came, and he was picking his way along to the church, and was in a narrow passageway near the building, when it occurred to him that he had not brought his man.

He stopped, backed up against the wall, and listened. He heard footsteps coming down the alley. When they seemed just opposite, he sprang out and grabbed the man.

'Come,' he said, 'I want you to go to church with me.'

I think the startled man had not been in church for years. But he went that night, and was converted at that meeting.

The next night the blind man tried it again and, I am told, brought three persons who were also converted. How many he brought in all, I do not know. He went home last year; but I think he will have more stars in his crown than many of us who have eyes to help us in our work.

I met a man from Mexico one day, who said that he brought me the love of my grandson down in Mexico. This was startling news. But it came about in this way.

A man and his wife from Nova Scotia came into some meetings I was holding in Minnesota. Most of the attendants were poor, but these people were well-to-do, and well educated. They were attracted by the services, and came day after day.

After a while the wife accepted Christ, made a public profession of her faith, and was baptized. This greatly incensed the husband, but he continued coming, and within a month had followed his wife's example.

They had lost several thousand dollars just about this time, but, meeting me on the street one day, he said, 'If any one had told me I would be glad that I lost that money I really wouldn't have believed it. But I am, for it brought me to Christ.'

Business shortly took them to Mexico. They took their religion with them, and they soon opened services in their home. Among those that came was a man beyond the prime of life, who had lived long in open sin. After much deliberation on what it would cost him to become a Christian, he took the step.

They had told him how they had been led to Christ, and he persists in calling me his grandfather, and seems to have a very warm love for me, though we have never met or corresponded.

Discoveries in Egypt.

News comes from the excavators under Prof. Plinders Petrie, who are working near Abydos, that an ivory statuette of Cheops the Pharaoh who built the great Pyramid, had been found. It shows a square face, heavy features, and a coarse, determined expression. So exquisite is the workmanship that it is a fair presumption of its being a good likeness. Prof. Petrie has uncovered several temples, which were built one above the ruins of an earlier one. The lowest temple has inscriptions which indicate that it was built five thousand years before our era. It contained a large vase of clay with a green glaze, on which, in a purple glaze, appears the name Menes—Aha in Egyptian. Thus nearly seven thousand years ago the Egyptians knew how to make finely glazed pottery. Another statuette shows a royal personage in old age wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, which shows a delicacy and truth of work, says the report, that equals anything of later time. 'On his head is the crown of Upper Egypt; a thick, quilted robe is wrapped about his body. The head declines forward; the expression of the face is at once rather senile and distinctly crafty.' Scientists are astonished to find how advanced the arts were in that early time. The specimens of polychrome glazing are especially remarkable, because they prove that it was understood thousands of years before it had been supposed to exist. The idols discovered, however, prove that with all their learning and their civilization, the people were ignorant of the true God. That knowledge came by revelation, yet we, who enjoy the privilege that they did not have, too often fail to appreciate it.

Good News.

'Ah, sir,' said a poor boy in a Sunday-school to his teacher, 'I am not good enough to go to Christ.'

'My boy, Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good; it is our badness, and not our goodness, that we are to bring to him.'

'Oh!' cried the boy, 'that is news, good news; there is hope for me, then, for I am a sinner.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Stranger in the Pew.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the spring-time. The sun was shining warm and golden, and its beams penetrated every nook and corner of the great city. A young girl sat by the window in one of the tenement houses, from whose outlook the green foliage of the trees in the park beyond could be very plainly seen. The birds were singing their morning songs, and gaily dressed children, with happy voices, were thronging the streets on their way to Sunday-school.

The church bells had begun their sacred calls to the house of God; and as Prue Atkins listened to them, sad memories filled her heart, and the tears gathered in her eyes. She was thinking of the little church on the large green in the New England village where she used to live, and of the pretty cemetery where her dear mother had been laid away to rest two years before. The old days used to be so happy, full of love and brightness, and now the new days were lonely, dreary ones. Oh, so very different!

The church bells kept up their ceaseless music, and, as Prue listened, the thought came to her, 'One whole year since I have been to church. What would dear mother say if she knew it?'

The bells kept on pealing, pealing, pealing. They were heavy sounding bells, and bells whose music came from some far-off section of the city; but they all seemed to blend together and harmonize.

'I believe I will go to church,' Prue said, rising from her chair by the window. 'But, then, my clothes!'

Clothes are a great consideration to everybody; but Prue's had to be considered that morning from a matter-of-fact point of view. She went to the little closet and took down a black dress and hung it over a chair; then she took down a shawl that was sacred, because her mother had worn it so much in the years gone by, lastly, she took her hat off from the shelf. It was an everyday hat, one she had worn since her mother died. She held the dress and shawl up to the light, and, as she saw the thin places and the nasty shade through that bright sunlight, she threw the garments back on the chair, saying, 'They are entirely too shabby for me to wear this nice bright day!' But Prue Atkins had come to a place in her life where she needed some light and Christian help. She felt that she had gone along her weary way trusting only in her own strength. She wanted the strong arm to lean upon, she wanted kindly words from sympathizing hearts. Again she took up the garments and looked at them. Then she remembered a little incident which she read in one of her Sunday-school papers once, about the Duke of Wellington and the poor woman who knelt beside him in the church; and how, when she found she was beside so great a personage and felt afraid and was about to move away, he said, putting his hand upon her shoulder, 'Do not move, my good woman; we are all alike in God's house.'

The remembrance of this story gave her new courage, and she dressed herself as neatly as she could, and prepared for the morning service. The breakfast table stood in the middle of the floor, there were two empty plates on it, for her father and brother had not awakened yet. She knew their habit to sleep late on Sunday mornings; so she put the coffee-pot on the back of the stove, and placed the breakfast in the oven, leaving the door open so it would not dry up. Then she wrote on a piece of paper, 'Gone to church,' and pinned the paper on the door so they both would know where she was.

She soon found herself standing in front of a large, handsome church on a fashionable thoroughfare. The Sunday-school scholars were just coming out; they all seemed very bright and happy, and Prue sighed as she thought of her happy childhood, and wished she were such a child again. She went up the steps and into the vestibule, and stood here a few moments; then she opened the door of the audience room and looked in. There were only a few persons scattered here and there in the pews. It was quite early. Prue did not know anything about ushers or high-priced pews, or anything of that sort; so she walked down the middle aisle and took a seat in the corner of one of the pews near the pulpit. The people soon began to come in in large numbers, and the pews were fast filling up. Then the minister went into the pulpit and the organist began to play, but Prue sat alone. Just as a sweet soprano voice in the choir began to sing something about 'a beautiful city,' a gentleman and a lady came into the pew. The gentleman was tall and portly, and Prue thought must be in some high position, like the Duke of Wellington, perhaps. The lady was young, like herself, the gentleman's daughter, probably.

'What a handsome girl she is!' thought Prue; 'and such elegant clothes as she has; laces, diamonds, and a lovely silk dress.'

As the young lady turned to look at the occupant in the corner of the pew, she seemed to have a reproachful look on her face, which Prue saw in a moment. She felt that she was an intruder.

Shabbier than ever did her dress become, as she compared it with her seat-mate's. 'Why did I come? I have no right in the place,' were the thoughts that would keep coming into her mind. But the sweet-voiced singer kept on with her singing. Such a beautiful song it was, about 'the golden city,' and 'redeemed ones,' and 'walking in white robes.'

'Dear mother is there,' thought Prue, as she listened, 'and I am so glad. How I wish I were there with her. But father and brother Dick, what would they do without me?'

The young lady who sat next to Prue was the daughter of Judge Brownlee, and the gentleman was her father. She was an idolized daughter. Everything she wanted that was within her father's power to procure for her, she had. Like a hot-house plant of very rare species, she was watched and tended and shielded from the slightest adverse wind or chilling breeze of the outside world. It seemed very strange to her that the usher should have placed so shabbily attired a person in her father's pew. What would people think? How little she knew that the young girl who sat next her might have been much better dressed, had it not been for certain circumstances in her life which compelled her to make great sacrifices. The pittance she earned from week to week (at least it would be called a pittance by such monied people as Judge Brownlee's family were), enabled her to provide for a worthless father, who, instead of shielding his child from the cold winds of the world, forced her into them. How patiently she took up the burden of life, how she kept the weight of it in her own heart, and toiled on from day to day! Many an unkind word she received from that very father, when he was under the influence of that accursed thing that destroys so many souls, and brings so much unhappiness and misery into the world. The brother was learning a trade. It was only a little he could earn at that time to help his sister, but by-and-by he would do more, and then it would be easier. But of late the brother was beginning to lose his former footing, he was stumbling about in paths of temptation, and many a night during the past few weeks he had come home very late. Prue had sat up for him, for his mother's sake, to be careful what companions he chose.

The prayers, the hymns, and the sermon had a great many helpful, comforting things in them for Prue's poor, weary heart. But her clothes! She felt that they were very much too shabby for such surroundings. She was out of place, she knew. If she went to church again, she would go to some little 'meeting-house' like their own in her old home.

When the services were over, the gentleman and his daughter passed into the aisle without bestowing another look on the poor, lone stranger in their pew. Prue waited until the crowd passed out and then she passed into the aisle. There were so many other young girls like herself all about her! But they were so differently cared for. Perhaps there was a weary look in her face, and a despairing one, as she passed on toward the door, for just as she was going out, a sweet, cheery voice said, 'Good morning. Are you a stranger here?'

Prue turned and looked in the direction whence the voice came, and met the interesting look and pleasant smile of a girl of about her own age. She was very neatly and prettily attired in a new, fresh spring suit. 'Yes, thank you,' replied Prue.

'I thought you looked as if you were,' the young girl replied. 'I hope you will come to our church again.'

The words touched Prue's heart in its tenderest place, and she burst into tears. There are some people in the world who seem to be inspired of him, and know how to do things in his way and with a loving spirit, and this new friend was certainly one of them. She found the way to the young stranger's heart; she walked home with her and spoke kindly, comforting words. She always did good as she found opportunity, and here, indeed, was opportunity. As she asked herself, 'Who has made us to differ?'

In a fortnight's time, Prue and her brother were both members of the Sunday-school and the young folks' meeting. Prue had a talent for doing beautiful work in embroidery and making fancy articles, and her deft fingers soon had all they could do in that line, all through the efforts of the new friend. Her burden was so much easier to carry after she had the sympathy of Christian friends.

A year passed by. At the 'Woman's Exchange,' some beautiful specimens of work were on exhibition at Christmas time. Judge Brownlee's elegantly dressed daughter stood looking at the beautiful array. There was one piece of exquisite work of which she asked the price.

'It is not for sale,' the lady in charge replied. 'It is a Christmas gift, and is only here on exhibition.'

Miss Brownlee took it in her hand to examine it more fully, and a little paper fell out from the bunch of ribbon, and these were the words she read on it: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' It was addressed to Miss

Brownlee's friend, and Prue's ministering angel, as Prue called her.

'Could you give me the address of the person who did this work,' she inquired.

The lady turned to the list of contributors, and found Prue's address. Miss Brownlee ordered the driver to take her to Prue's home. When she arrived and Prue answered her ring at the door, she instantly recognized the pew occupant of the year before, and the young lady recognized Prue. A blush passed over Miss Brownlee's face, for in justice to her let it be said that she had often thought of the poor girl, and regretted the unladylike, unchristian manner in which she had treated her. No allusion was made to the former meeting, however, but Judge Brownlee's daughter was her best customer after that Christmas time, and in many ways tried to atone for her forgetfulness of Christ's injunction to entertain the stranger.—Susan Teall Perry, in the 'Evangelist.'

Went to the Meeting Through a Coal-hole.

Miss M. J. Street, during a visit to the Cotswolds, in England, met with an illustration of the true Endeavor spirit. The meetings were held in a church which had just celebrated its fifth jubilee, and the ministers of the district bore testimony to the invaluable help that the Christian Endeavor organization renders to church life and work in a scattered agricultural district. At one of these churches some time back there was a grand clearing up and rebuilding, and all meetings were given up for a week except the Christian Endeavor meeting. The members of the society interviewed an official, and told him that they must hold their meeting. 'But you can't,' he said; 'the place is full of scaffolding' 'That doesn't matter,' they told him. 'But it is all dirty, and there is wet paint about.' 'That doesn't matter,' they said. 'But it is such wet weather that nobody will come,' he argued. 'Endeavorers will come anyhow,' they said. And so they did. Because the door was not available, they got in through the coal-hole, and in the midst of the scaffold poles held a record meeting. Since then nobody in that neighborhood has proposed the postponement of a Christian Endeavor meeting.

The Oak Tree's Part.

(Miss Alice May Douglas, in New York 'Observer.')

'Oh, papa is cutting down the big oak!'

This cry came from Myrtle, who was sitting at the window playing with her paper dolls.

'Oh, I think not,' said her mother.

'But, there he is on the shore with his axe,' said Myrtle. 'He has struck the tree once.'

'Then run and ask him not to do so,' said mamma.

So away ran Myrtle, down the yard, across the field to the shore of the lake, where stood all by itself a beautiful large oak tree.

'Let the tree stand, papa! do, please!' little Myrtle pleaded, quite out of breath from her quick run.

'What is that?' exclaimed Farmer Bragg, as he let fall the axe he had just lifted for another blow at the tree.

'Oh, please don't cut the oak down,' repeated Myrtle, as she wiped the perspiration from her forehead.

'Why not?' asked her father, with a kindly expression on his full-bearded face.

'Oh, for lots of reasons,' answered Myrtle. 'It is nice to come down here and sit in the shade of the oak, and I like to get acorns, too. Then the tree is so pretty to look at from our window.'

'But it will make good lumber,' said Mr. Bragg. 'And don't we need the money that it would bring more than you need the shade and acorns and a tree to look at?'

'Oh, no, no, no, no, no,' replied Myrtle very decidedly. 'Not at all.'

'But we need a new pump for the well,' explained the father, 'and what this tree will bring will be just enough to buy one, I am thinking.'

'But if you will only let the oak stand,' suggested the little girl, eagerly, 'I will bring all the water from the well, so we will not need a pump.'

'Bless your soul,' exclaimed the father. 'Your little arms aren't strong enough for that.'

'Then I will earn money and buy a pump,' proposed the child. 'I can earn lots in blueberry time.'

'Very well,' said the father, 'if you want the tree to stand, as much as all that comes to, I will not lift an axe to it again.'

'I knew you wouldn't,' said Myrtle, greatly delighted, 'and you are just the best man in the whole town—yes, you are.'

Farmer Bragg shouldered his axe and started towards the house. Myrtle picked up the chips which had resulted from the few strokes her father had given the oak, and fitted them back into the tree.

'The oak will not look hurt now, even if it has been cut,' she said. Then, taking a glance at the beautiful blue lake, the child followed her father across the field, stopping now and then to gather a handful of buttercups and daisies.

This was a good blueberry year. In fact there had not for a long, long time been so good a one, and among the farmers' families, none worked harder to earn a little spending money from the blueberry fields than did Myrtle. And how fast she worked picking with both hands at once and filling her pail much sooner than did any of the others in the party.

And did she never get tired? Oh, yes, very very often! Her back would ache leaning over the low growing bushes and the heat of the sun would make her very weary, and it would seem to take the life all out of her, as she expressed it. 'But I will not complain,' she said to herself, 'for what I am doing has saved the old oak's life and I think I will get money enough to buy the pump. The other girls are to buy new dresses with their berry money, but I'd rather have the oak than a new dress.'

No one who knew why Myrtle worked so hard in the berry fields, supposed that she would buy a pump—even if she earned enough to do so. 'She will back out at the last moment when she sees the money and thinks of all the things that she wants.' That is just what many a one said, but that did not prove to be the case.

Myrtle drove alone to the village and sold her berries to a man who was there to buy all he could get to ship away. Her eyes sparkled as they never had before as she saw the silver dollars that he gave her, for while the berries brought but six cents a quart, she had gathered hundreds of quarts. She went immediately to the hardware store and bought a pump. The store man told her what she wanted, and when he found out why she was buying it, he let her have it at cost.

You may be sure that all of the family—all of the neighbors as well—were surprised when they found out that Myrtle had indeed bought a pump. And the old oak would have been both glad and surprised had he known it, but unfortunately oak trees do not know what we do.

Of course the water from the well tasted no better when brought up by the pump, than it had when brought up by a bucket, but then Myrtle thought that it did, and no wonder, since it was her own hands that had earned the pump.

One fall day as Myrtle was playing about the well, two strangers—a lady and a gentleman—drove up, and asked for a drink. As she gave one to them, the gentleman asked, 'can you tell me, my little lady, who owns the land down by the lake where that large oak stands?'

'My father,' replied the child.

'I wonder if he would sell it,' remarked the woman, with an inquiring look at Myrtle.

'I think that he will,' replied Myrtle.

'I am thinking that it is not the land, but the tree that my wife is most anxious to have,' remarked the man with a hearty laugh.

'I do think that the tree is ever so pretty,' observed Myrtle, glad that the oak had another admirer than herself. She wanted to tell how she had saved its life, but, being a little shy of strangers, did not do so.

'Can't you see about buying the lot at once, Henry?' asked the woman of her husband. 'That tree decided the spot. I'd rather have a cottage near that tree than at any other place on the lake.'

'All right,' answered the husband. Then, turning to Myrtle, he asked, 'Is your father at home, and can I see him? My wife wants the tree and I suppose the land goes with the tree, so we might as well make a bargain now as at any time?'

Myrtle called her father and a trade was soon made.

The stranger offered a generous sum for the cottage lot which was gratefully accepted by the farmer, who found dollars rather scarce at all times of the year, and who was in especial need of money at that time.

Two weeks later when he placed the roll of bills, that resulted from his sale, upon the kitchen table, and all the family gathered about to see them, Myrtle said with great pride, 'And it is all on account of my saving the big oak. I don't wonder the woman wanted it, it looked so lovely with its leaves all turned!'

'Yes, we have Myrtle to thank for this good fortune,' said her father. 'So a part of the money rightfully belongs to her.'

So saying, he pushed a new ten dollar bill towards her. She took it with a smiling face and said, 'Now I have a tree and a pump and money enough to get me the new dress the berries didn't buy. Oh, I am so glad I took the old oak's part and it will still be my tree to love even if it is on somebody else's land.'

'Indeed it will,' said her mother with a face as glad as Myrtle's, 'for no one loves it so well as do you.'

'No, not half so well,' added Myrtle.

Should you go by Myrtle's home now you would see a pretty summer cottage under the shade of the oak, and there, too, you would often see Myrtle as an ever welcome caller upon her new neighbors.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Prayed for a Hundred Pounds

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes had an extraordinary answer to prayer on one occasion.

He was engaged in an effort to build Sunday-schools in the South of London. A benevolent friend promised a hundred pounds if he could get nine hundred pounds more within a week. Mr. Hughes did his utmost, and by desperate efforts did get eight hundred pounds, but not one penny more. Saturday arrived, and the terms of all the promises were that unless he obtained a thousand pounds that week he could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise must have been postponed for years, and indeed never accomplished on the large scale desired.

On the Saturday morning one of the principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business; that a Christian woman in that neighborhood, whom Mr. Hughes did not know, and of whom he had never heard, who had no connection with his church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraordinary impression had come to her that she was at once to give one hundred pounds to Mr. Hughes.

She sent the money through the church officer, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this he has no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from him. Whether she is alive or in heaven, Mr. Hughes cannot say; but this he does know, that this extraordinary answer to his prayers and the prayers of his people secured the rest of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than a thousand scholars to-day.—'Ram's Horn.'

Where Could It Be?

It was a 'come-down' for Martha Bird to come and live in Potts' Row. But there was no help for it; her husband had quarrelled with the farmer for whom he had worked all the fifteen years of their married life, so their pretty country cottage had to be given up, and as Potts' Row was the nearest place to James Bird's new work, there they went to live.

Martha's heart sank at the prospect. Potts' Row had a bad name. The houses were small and 'jerry built,' and the last house, next to the one they were to occupy, had been left unfinished. The whole row looked dirty and wretched, with its neglected gardens and the broken fences.

It was Martha's custom to read every day a few verses of the Bible, and to God's Word she turned for comfort on the last night she spent in their pretty cottage. 'The hairs of your head are all numbered' were the words that met her eye. The hairs of her head numbered! Then nothing could be too small for their heavenly Father's care. Did he not know all about their removal to Potts' Row? Might it not be that he had some work for her to do there for him?

She had often wished for opportunities of serving him, but the families living near to them were all respectable, and comfortably off; the husbands brought home their weekly wages, and few were ever out of work. But in Potts' row there lived a different class of people, and it might be that God had something for her to do for him amongst them.

Certainly their new home seemed uninviting enough when they reached it. Through the thin walls they could hear a woman in the next house scolding someone in shrill tones and the gruff voice of a man in reply.

Martha kept, however, a brave heart and a cheerful face. Her next-door neighbor she found was a poor woman bedridden from rheumatism. Her hands were so crippled that she was quite unable to do anything for herself. Her husband had been a railway porter, but had lost a leg through an accident on the line.

Martha could not help pitying her, for Mrs. Hortin had been an active, bustling woman, and felt her helplessness keenly. It was because of this that she would sometimes give way to violent outbursts of temper, the result of which was that her husband would sometimes refuse to do anything for her. Martha found many opportunities of showing her own goodwill, and in time she quite gained the poor woman's affection and confidence. Indeed, it was this confidence that once caused Martha a great deal of anxiety.

She would frequently run in to make Mrs. Hortin's bed, and one day the latter, during her husband's absence, called Martha's attention to something which had been sewn into the mattress.

'I wish you would get some scissors and rip it out,' she said. 'It's working its way nearer and nearer to the edge, and I'm afraid every day that Hortin will find it. There's fifteen pounds in it that I'd saved before I married him, and if he found it he'd drink it all away. But it's for my son, my son who went for a soldier; he's not Hortin's son. I'd lost my first husband before I met him. And I've saved it up for my boy when he comes home again.'

Martha ripped open the mattress, and took out a leather case with three five-pound notes in it. 'Now, where shall I put it?' said Mrs. Hortin. 'I wouldn't have Hortin find it for the world. You take it, Mrs. Bird, and then I shall know it's safe whenever I want it.'

Martha did not at all wish for this responsibility. She tried to induce Mrs. Hortin to trust her husband about the matter, or to put the money in the Post Office Savings Bank, but the bedridden woman would not hear of it. She insisted on Martha's taking care of the case, and made her promise not to say a word about the matter to anyone, not even to James.

No one was at home when Martha went indoors. She knew that there was a secret drawer in the tall clock which they had both bought with such pride soon after their marriage. But she could not find the spring which opened it, and at last she was obliged to put the case in a large box which held many of the treasures which they had no room to display in their new home.

This box stood in a dark corner under the stairs, and was seldom opened. She had just thrust the case under a piece of pink print when she heard a footstep approaching the door, so she turned the key hastily, and prepared the next meal.

Martha, though sorry to have a secret from her husband, grew gradually more used to the thought of the case in its box. About a week later Mrs. Hortin inquired after the safety of the money. 'I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of it,' she said. 'It's not for myself I want it, it's for my boy.'

'I believe it is all right,' said Martha, smiling. 'Make yourself quite easy about it.'

On her return home, Martha went to the box to satisfy herself that the treasure was still safe. But, to her horror, the case was gone! Dragging the box into the light she took all the things out of it, and went carefully through them all. But it was clear that the case was no longer there!

Martha turned dizzy with the shock. She must tell Mrs. Hortin, of course. but how could she explain the loss? Would she not herself be suspected? How could she make up such a sum?

Just at the moment, Martha felt that her faith in God was shaken. She had tried to do his work, and this was the result. It did seem very hard, too, just as she was beginning to hope that the power of God's grace was working a gradual change in the poor woman's heart. She seemed now to care a little for the verses Martha read to her; she was a trifle gentler, and not so bitter about her own helplessness.

But now, alas! how would it be? Her love, if it were love, would be turned to dislike. Every hope of influencing her for good had come to an end. Yet could God's work utterly fail? Things must come right if left in his hands. They that sow in tears must, at some future time, reap in joy.

Still it was with a heavy heart that Martha went in to her neighbor. But Hortin had come in, and it was impossible to say anything about the matter. And no opportunity happened for the next day or two. Martha's heart sank lower and lower as time went on. Her worried face and depressed manner at last attracted James' attention, and he demanded to know the reason.

So great was the load of anxiety that Martha could no longer keep it to herself. As she poured out the story James' face wore a curious expression, and by the time it was finished she was surprised to see that he was smiling.

'Is that the trouble?' he said. Going to the clock, he took from the secret drawer the leather case, with the notes untouched inside it.

'I never put it there!' gasped Martha, a glad light breaking over her face.

'No,' said James; 'I noticed some days ago that a bit of pink stuff was sticking out of the lock of that box, so that it was not properly fastened. In pulling it out I pulled out that case with it, and thought that the money was some you'd saved unbeknown to me. I didn't know why you shouldn't have told me; but, anyhow, that box under the stairs wasn't a safe place for it, so I just put it in the old clock to take better care of it.'

And so the dreaded confession had not to be made after all! Martha's heart was filled with a rush of gratitude to God. His work had not gone wrong after all, and in every future difficulty she would endeavor to trust him more.

In time her good example told upon her neighbors. Some had taken a dislike to her because she was so different from themselves, but even these in time were overcome by her cheerfulness and real kindness. Potts' Row became gradually a different place, and Martha learned to feel really thankful that she had been compelled to leave her pretty cottage and come to a place where there was so much work for God waiting to be done.—From 'Mrs. Bird's Neighbors.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

New Happiness by an Old Receipt.

(Vivian Cole, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

'My dear Mrs. Brown, how well you are looking—and how happy.'

The word slipped out before I knew it, and I could have bitten off the tongue that said it for vexation at my own discourtesy, for Mrs. Brown had for years carried an unhappy, anxious look which made me wonder.

Now she laughed a whole-souled, happy laugh that was good to hear. 'I'm glad you said it, dear! for it is true. I've never been so happy since I was a child.'

'Won't you tell me the secret, please—if there is a secret,' I exclaimed, for I was not as happy myself as I could have wished under the stress of some unusual worries.

'Oh, there's no real mystery about it. It's only that I've found myself out and discovered that I'm not of nearly the importance to the universe, or even to my own family that I imagined.'

'But that makes some people very, very unhappy.'

'I know! Isn't it silly! I felt that way once. I think I had the feeling that if I were to die the wheels of the world would stop. I suppose it's natural for a mother to worry about her children when they first go out into the world, but I not only did so, but made their father worry about them, too. Then I got to worrying about my clubs. The Mothers' Club piled all the mistakes of motherhood on my back and the Social Reform Club all the political corruption of the city. I began to try to elect the next President; and when the Japanese war broke out, every Japanese repulse made me feel as if I had lost a friend. At last I had to have in the doctor and he looked at me over his spectacles and said, 'Mrs. Brown, you are trying to do too much.'

'Doing too much, I suppose you mean,' I said, for I was cross and unhappy because I couldn't go to the Social Club that night and help scold over the way the streets are not cleaned.'

The doctor laughed: 'You mustn't ask me to tell you how much you accomplish,' he said, 'all I know is that you would do more if you didn't take the work so hard. Now I am only going to prescribe two things. One is idleness of body and the other idleness of mind. The world won't stop, Mrs. Brown, if you let it run its own affairs for a month, and if you don't, you'll have trouble.'

'But I can't stop!' I cried.

'That's the disease under which you suffer,' he replied with one of his most positive tones and the politest of his bows. 'The brakes are worn out, you must get new ones or you will run to destruction.'

Did you ever try to lie still and not think? I thought I couldn't, but between my husband and my doctor I got through two days of fighting worry and the next morning woke up with a new idea in my head—the idea that I, Elizabeth Brown, was probably not of nearly the importance to the world I had imagined. I found that the house went on well enough without me. I remembered that the responsibility for the dirty streets was with the city officials. I considered that the world would not come to an end if Japan were beaten. Mrs. Brown, responsible for the affairs of the universe without any way of enforcing her responsibility, was the unhappy person whom you knew. Mrs. Brown, an unimportant individual, with work enough and a Father to whom all her worries can be brought and left, is happy in possession of a quiet mind.

'I see,' I answered. 'But don't you find the worries creeping back?'

'Oh, yes! but then I remember the partnership. I don't have to run the world, because my Father is in charge. I do the best I can for my children, but my Father shares the responsibility. I try to help my neighbors—those I can reach—but I let my Father think about the others.'

She laughed again that happy restful laugh which it was good to hear. And I went on my way wondering whether I too might not be more efficient and infinitely happier if I really let God manage his own world in his own way.

A Birthday Party.

(Rebecca R. Zabriskie, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Miss Annie Hartwell requests the pleasure of your company on Wednesday afternoon, from five to nine, in honor of her birthday.'

Minnie Daws gave a cry of joy as she read the invitation over.

'Isn't it just too lovely!' she exclaimed, and away she flew across the street to her most intimate friend, Katie Davies.

'Have you one, too?' she said.

'Of course I have, and Charlie and Willie have theirs too.'

'I wonder,' remarked Minnie, 'that Annie's grandmother lets her have one, she is so very strict with her, but this must be an exception. Do you like the new teacher at school,' she added, after a moment's pause.

'Fine!' answered Katie, 'but isn't it queer that her name should be Hartwell, too, and no relation either. Isn't it just too lovely!' and she gave her friend a hug.

'And isn't it too splendid that we have no school to-day, and to-morrow is a holiday, too. Oh, I really can't wait until Wednesday!'

That afternoon the invited guests met together to discuss what they should wear, for a party at Annie Hartwell's was a great event, and each one must look his or her best. Of course the boys scorned to consider what they should wear, and went off by themselves. As Annie Hartwell lived two miles away, they did not see much of her, but she was a very great favorite. Although very wealthy, she had but little use of her money, for she was only twelve, and an orphan. She lived with her grandmother, who was very strict, but Annie had a happy disposition, and made herself loved by all.

The new teacher, Miss Hartwell, had made herself a great friend with the children, for she loved them, and had taken up teaching from choice. She lived in a pleasant house with two faithful colored servants. The children all tried to do their best in school, for they all loved her.

At last Wednesday afternoon came, and promptly at five two merry loads containing thirty in all, started for the party.

'The house looks rather shut up for a party, seems to me!'

'I wonder whether Miss Hartwell will be there?' said another, and so they wondered about various things, until they reached the house.

What was the matter with the house, anyway? The waggons stopped, and the children jumped out. But they were seized with an attack of bashfulness suddenly, and even the eldest held back. But that would not answer, so they marched up the steps as many at a time as could, and gave the front door bell a pull. Silence followed. They rang again. A tall stately butler opened the door.

'Is Annie Hartwell home?' one found courage to ask.

'Miss Annie's gone to Miss Hartwell's party,' he replied in a grave tone.

'What is it, James?' asked Annie's grandmother, coming out into the hall. The butler explained.

'We thought that this was Annie's party, and we——'

So the teacher's name was Annie, too!

'It is not my little grandchild who is giving the party, but the new teacher,' the old grandmother said, kindly; 'Annie has already gone.'

When they had reached Miss Hartwell's house, they met the two coming out to meet them.

'It's no wonder that you made the mistake,' Miss Hartwell said, kindly, 'I ought to have realized it myself.'

What fun they had! Games and such refreshments, so that when nine o'clock came they were sorry to leave.

'What fun we have had, and wasn't it funny that the teacher's name was Annie Hartwell, too!'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of July 9, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Harvest of War—Edwin L. Arnold, in the 'World,' New York.
After the Battle—The 'Standard,' London.
Corea in War Time—James S. Gale, in the 'Outlook,' New York
Ancestor Worship and Courage—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Russian Army Transport—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Our Creaking Empire—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
In Search of a Wife—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Marriage or Breadwinning?—The 'Standard,' London.
Trade Results of the War—The 'Statist,' London.
A Vote of Censure—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Retaliation and Dumping; Mr. Winston Churchill—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Kipling's Utopia—The 'Speaker,' London.
Houses by the Sea—The 'Spectator,' London.
County Society—La Marquise, in 'Hearth and Home,' London.
Camping in the City—The 'Independent,' New York.
The Church and Spiritual Healing—Conrad Noel, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Painter of Ideas—The late George Frederick Watts—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Appearance of Madame Sarah Bernhardt—The 'Westminster Budget.'
The Cultivation of Sight Reading—The 'Musical News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Forgiveness—Alfred Austin.
The Influence of Dogmatism on Poets—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Story of the Orkney Islands—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
A Great Thinker—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
On Getting Rich—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Emerson and the Cherries—The New York 'Tribune.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Swordfish—Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., in the New York 'Evening Post.'
Care for the Eyes—The 'Daily Express,' London.
Sunrise at Stonehenge—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
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LITTLE FOLKS

Alice's Lesson.

Alice had been promoted from the infant class to Miss Joyce's class of little girls, and Miss Joyce called her 'her bright little scholar.' Alice had ever so many pretty Bible cards at home, and now she was learning more, so as to get the Bible that the superintendent had offered as a prize.

'I wish I could know as many verses in my whole life as you do now,' said Edith Deane, who sat next to Alice in the class; and Alice felt proud that her teacher and her classmates appreciated her Bible knowledge.

'JUMP IN AND JUMP OUT.'

When she went home feeling so very good, with a pretty new card that Miss Joyce had given her for reciting the Twenty-third Psalm, Alice wanted to sit down and study more verses. But mother told her she must tidy up her room instead. Alice liked to leave things around, and expected other people to pick them up.

'Mother's been home all the afternoon and Katy too,' grumbled Alice to herself, as she picked up her things. 'And I've just been at Sunday-school. They might as well have put things right.' She got more and more out of temper as she went on, and when she had finished, and went into the nursery where Jamie was sitting, she was quite ready for a quarrel with him because he had the chair that she wanted. Alice always wanted the best chair, and Jamie was very good natured; but to-day he objected, for he was deep in a book.

'It's my chair,' said his sister. 'I always sit in it. If you don't get up, I'll tell mother.'

'Tell her, then,' said Jamie, who knew his mother would not uphold Alice's selfishness. Alice knew it, too, so she knocked the book out of Jamie's hand instead, and when he jumped to pick it up she got into the chair. Jamie tried to pull her out, and mother, hearing the scuffle, called them both to her in the parlor.

Alice was still clasping her Bible card in her hand. When Mrs. Allen had heard Jamie's story, she said, 'Let me have that card, Alice. Did you get it to-day?'

'Yes, mother,' said Alice. She felt it would help her cause to tell of her progress in Sunday school. 'Miss Joyce says I'll get the Bible prize in six weeks if I keep on. She says I recite Bible verses better'n any little girl she ever had in her class.'

'Humph!' said the aggrieved Jamie. 'Edith Deane never fights with her brothers, anyway, if she can't say as many verses as you can.'

'Suppose you repeat the verse on your card, Alice,' said her mother 'You have learned it, haven't you?'

'Yes, indeed, mother. I learned it right away, on the way home,' said Alice, and she recited it off.

'"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."'

Jamie laughed right out. Mother smiled too. Alice felt the blood come up in her cheeks. She began to understand. Mrs. Allen held out the card to her little daughter.

'Go and pin that up in your own room, Alice, where you can see it every day, and think about it. One Bible verse acted out is worth a hundred verses learned to recite. I am afraid my little girl has learned too many verses without trying to act them.'

Alice went and pinned up that verse. It made her ashamed every time she looked at it after that. But wasn't that better than being proud of knowing so many verses, and not following any of them?—Priscilla Leonard, in 'Child's Hour.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

What Do You See?

'A German allegory tells of two little girls. They had been playing together in a strange garden, and soon one ran into her mother full of disappointment.

'The garden's a sad place, mother!'

'Why, my child?'

'I've been all around, and every rose tree has cruel, long thorns upon it!'

Then the second child came in breathless.

'Oh, mother, the garden's a beautiful place!'

'How so, my child?'

'Why, I've been all round, and every thorn-bush has lovely roses growing on it!'

And the mother wondered at the difference in the two children.—'Western Christian Union.'

A Brother's Charge.

One day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play and very happy, in the field.

I said, 'You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can she walk alone?'

'Yes sir; on smooth ground.'

'And how did she get over those stones which lie between us and the house?'

'Oh, sir, mother told me to be

careful that she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it.'

'That is right, George; and I just want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand the beautiful text, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it all now?'

'Oh, yes, sir; and I never shall forget it while I live.'

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his angels charge.—'The Temperance Leader & League Journal.'

In all I think, or speak, or do,
Whatever way my steps are bent,
God shape and keep me strong and true;
Co. rageous, ch erful a d content.

The First Tangle.

Once in an Eastern palace wide
A little girl sat weaving;
So patiently her task she plied,
The men and women at her side
Flocked around her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheer'ly?"
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl and tangle it instead
Of working smooth and clearly.
"Our weaving gets so torn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken;
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the King has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own as sometimes flies.
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed and meekly,
"You know He said in everything"—
"Why, so do we," they cried, "we bring.
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!
Our 'broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle!
—Waif.

Magical Neatness.

(By Alva Deane, in 'Kindergarten Review.')

Tommy Tinker's little feet
Had been trained to be so neat
(Strange the story is to tell)
That they wiped themselves off well
When they came in from the street!

Tommy Tinker's big straw hat,
With its brim so broad and flat,
Quickly jumped upon the shelf,—
Yes, it put away itself!
Now, what do you think of that?

Next, his overcoat so spry
Off this little boy did fly;
And a glance around it took
Till it found a handy hook,—
Then, it hung itself up high!

Could you teach your coat and hat
To be orderly, like that?
Could you train your little feet,
Like this Tommy's, to be neat—
Never to forget the mat?

A Boy in Blossom.

'Oh, grandpa,' said Charlie, 'what lots of apples there are going to be this year! See how white the trees are with blossoms.'

'Yes,' said grandpa, 'if the trees keep their promises, there will be plenty of apples. But if they are like some boys I know, there may not be any.'

'What do you mean by keeping their promises?' asked Charlie.

'Why,' said grandpa, 'blossoms are only a tree's promises, just as the promises little boys make sometimes are only the blossoms. And sometimes the frost nips these blossoms and they bear no fruit.'

'I see,' said Charlie, 'that you think when I promise to be a better boy I am only in blossom. But I'll show you, grandpa, that the frost can't nip my blossoms. I'm going to bear fruit.'

'I Rubbed it Out.'

The mother, who is always the best theologian for a child, said to the boy: 'Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Well, show it to me.'

He brought his slate to his mother, who, holding it in front of him, said:

'Where is what you wrote?'

'Oh,' he said, 'I rubbed it out.'

'Well, where is it?'

'Why, mother, I don't know.'

'But how could you put it away if it was really there?'

'Oh, mother; I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone.'

'Well,' she said, 'that is what God meant when he said, "I will blot out thy transgressions." '—G. Campbell Morgan.

A Conundrum.

(By Annie H. Donnell, in 'Youth's Companion').

Every morning at seven o'clock,
Rain or sunshine or snow,
Into a long black tunnel
Five little travellers go.
All in a row like soldiers,
Stooping a bit to enter,
The fat one at this end, the baby at that,
The tallest one in the centre.

Into the dark they travel,
Without a fret or a pout.
But once they made a window,
And Baby Traveller peeped out
Gay little travellers, dancing
Into the tunnel at morn.
Tired little travellers, coming out
When the day's work is done.

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LESSON V.—JULY 31.

Omri and Ahab.

I. Kings xvi., 23-33.

Golden Text.

Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people. Proverbs xiv., 34.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 25.—I. Kings xvi., 23-33.
Tuesday, July 26.—I. Kings xvi., 1-15.
Wednesday, July 27.—I. Kings xvi., 16-22.
Thursday, July 28.—I. Kings xx., 23-34.
Friday, July 29.—I. Kings xx., 35-43.
Saturday, July 30.—I. Kings xxi., 17-29.
Sunday, July 31.—I. Kings xxii., 29-38.

23. In the thirty and first year of Asa King of Judah began Omri to reign over Israel, twelve years: six years reigned he in Tirzah.

24. And he bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria.

25. But Omri wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him.

26. For he walked in all the way of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, and in his sin wherewith he made Israel to sin, to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger with their vanities.

27. Now the rest of the acts of Omri which he did, and his might that he shewed, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Israel?

28. So Omri slept with his fathers, and was buried in Samaria: and Ahab his son reigned in his stead.

29. And in the thirty and eighth year of Asa king of Judah began Ahab the son of Omri to reign over Israel; and Ahab the son of Omri reigned over Israel in Samaria twenty and two years.

30. And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him.

31. And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him.

32. And he reared up an altar for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria.

33. And Ahab made a grove; and Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

After two lessons concerning the affairs of Judah, we take up again matters in the kingdom of Israel, the northern ten tribes.

In the last lesson upon Israel we discovered that Jeroboam had substituted idolatry for the worship of the true God in Israel. This was a bad beginning for a new nation, and terrible was the harvest of this seed sowing. Let us glance at the history of the two kingdoms thus far.

The southern kingdom of Judah has had four kings, Rehoboam, Abijah, Asa and Jehoshaphat, all of them belonging to one family or dynasty, being descendants of Solomon. The northern kingdom of Israel has had eight kings, including those of to-day's lesson, if we count Tibni, who was a rival of Omri for a time, being chosen by a part of the people, while the others followed Omri, who conquered Tibni in the civil war.

Conspiracies, assassinations, and civil war marked the internal life of Israel during its brief history of less than sixty years thus far. Meantime under the good kings, Asa and Jehoshaphat, Judah was prospering.

The list of Israel's kings up to this point is as follows:

Jeroboam, who reigned 22 years.

Nadab, Jeroboam's son, 2 years. Murdered by Baasha, a soldier.

Baasha, who ruled 22 years.

Elah, son of Baasha, 2 years. Assassinated by Zimri, a soldier.

Zimri reigned seven days, and died a suicide.

Omri, captain of the army, succeeded Zimri, but had a rival in Tibni, who died in the civil war that followed. Omri reigned 8 years.

Ahab, Omri's son, reigned 22 years.

The present lesson includes Omri's reign and part of that of Ahab.

THE LESSON STUDY.

23, 24. 'And he bought the hill Samaria.' You will notice that the date of the beginning of Omri's reign is based on the reign of Asa, King of Judah. Asa, as we learned, reigned forty-one years, and was a contemporary of every king of Israel thus far, hence it was natural to use his reign as a means of fixing the dates of his numerous brother monarchs of the north.

At first Omri had his capital at Tirzah. This was the place to which Jeroboam had removed after establishing his capital at Shechem. But Omri did not find Tirzah to his liking. Zimri had burned the palace there, and there were physical disadvantages in the place, so he bought the hill of Samaria. Samaria is the Greek form of the name, Shomeron being the Hebrew, derived from the name of the owner Shemer. The price paid would probably equal at least $40,000 to-day.

This hill was over 300 feet in height, and contained abundant springs. The city which was built upon it remained the capital of Israel as long as the kingdom lasted. It continued to be a place of some prominence for many centuries, but nothing now remains but an insignificant village.

Omri's Evil Reign. 25-28. 'But Omri wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord.'

Still another bad king for Israel, and more wickedness for the people. From the reference in Micah vi., 16, to the 'statutes of Omri' it is thought that Omri deliberately established laws to encourage idolatrous practices and thus continue to keep the people from worshipping at Jerusalem.

'The rest of the acts of Omri.' Omri's reign receives but scant attention here, but reference is made to a fuller account in 'the book of the chronicles of the kings of Israel.' This is not the 'Chronicles' of our Bible, but records which are now lost.

But Omri's evil reign came to an end, and he died and was buried in the capital he had founded.

The Evil Reign of Ahab Opens. 29-33. 'And Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him.'

In verse 23 we read that Omri's reign began in the thirty-first year of Asa and that he reigned twelve years. Now, in verse 29, we are told that Ahab began to reign in Asa's thirty-eighth year. This would look like a discrepancy, but the opening year of Omri's undisputed sway over Israel was four years after he was chosen king. During that interval he was contending with Tibni. His sole rule began, then, in Asa's thirty-first year, though he had been chosen four years previously.

Ahab was the worst king in Israel's history. Things were bad enough as he found them, but he carried matters on to a worse state. He was not without ability, but devoted his powers to ways that were contrary to the will of God.

'He took to wife Jezebel.' Here was perhaps the greatest cause of Ahab's evil life. He made a bad marriage. An ill-advised marriage is one of the saddest calamities that can come to anyone. Many a promising life has been wrecked by a romantic match that dazzled with promises never fulfilled.

Ahab, 'as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam,' married this woman of a heathen race, with whom the Israelites were forbidden to marry.

Not only was Jezebel a worshipper of Baal, and a heathen of the worst kind, but in her own character she was a cruel and wicked woman. Rawlinson calls her 'the Lady Macbeth of Israelite history.' Her father came to the throne of Zidon by assassinating the king, his own brother, and the daughter seems to have inherited his evil character.

Ahab adopted his wife's religion, and in a temple for Baal which he had built in Samaria, set up an altar to that idol. Baal worship was one of the worst forms of idolatry known, including even the burning of little children. Other abominable practices were connected with it.

The grove which Ahab made (verse 33) refers to another form of evil accompanying the sort of religion Ahab had embraced.

Ahab had gone further to disobey God and debauch Israel than all former kings of Israel, but still God did not at once destroy him, for he reigned twenty-two years.

While Judah has been prospering as a God-fearing people, Israel has been going deeper and deeper into sin, and preparing the way for her destruction.

The lesson for Aug. 7 is, 'God Taking Care of Elijah.' I. Kings xvii., 1-16.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 31.—Topic—An evening with Burmah and Siam. Isa. xxxv., 1-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BAND-OF-MERCY MEETING.

Monday, July 25.—God cares for animals. I. Cor. ix., 9.

Tuesday, July 26.—God feeds the animals. Ps. civ., 10-21.

Wednesday, July 27.—God preserves them. Ps. xxxvi., 6.

Thusday, July 28.—He hears the ravens. Ps. cxlvii., 9.

Friday, July 29.—Remember the sparrow. Luke xii., 6.

Saturday, July 30.—Blessed are the merciful. Matt. v., 7.

Sunday, July 31.—Topic—Our pets, and how to care for them. Prov. xii., 10.

A Word With the New Teacher.

(Philip E. Howard, in the 'S. S. Times.')

You have undertaken the work Jesus commissioned his disciples to do,—'Go, teach.' He will be with you even as he was with them.

Let your first subject of study be the members of your class. Be assured that you will need to get acquainted with them individually before you can rightly acquaint them individually with the truth you want to teach.

You will gradually become familiar with the daily life of your pupils, their duties, their surroundings, home life, temptations, personal peculiarities. You will enter into sympathy with each one of them, and thus be guided to teach the thing most needed in each life.

A visit to the home of a pupil for a few moments after school on Sunday, or during the week, will help wonderfully in leading your class to look upon you as the personal friend of each member.

The teacher of the largest Bible class in the world, who is one of the busiest men of affairs in America, devotes much time to neighborhood visits. He knows his class, and is well known of them. This is your privilege in your association with your class.

The Sunday-school is first of all a place for the worship of God. In all our teaching, singing and praying this fact should be kept constantly in view. The glory of every school should be the open Bible, the living teacher, Christian teaching and conversions.

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'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Temperance

The Nation's Curse.

(David Paulson, M.D., in the 'Union Signal.')

A physician once captured a large cat, and soaking a pinch of fine-cut tobacco in water, he injected a little of this fluid under the cat's skin. In twenty minutes the cat died in convulsions—killed by a smaller quantity of tobacco than it takes to make a cigarette. What can kill a cat in twenty minutes cannot be good for the growing child, and must necessarily be injurious to even a grown-up person.

Half the nicotine contained in one cigarette is enough to kill a frog almost instantly. In smoking a cigar or pipe the poison is somewhat condensed and thus kept out of the system, but in the cigarette the tobacco is packed so loosely that the smoke is immediately drawn into the system before the nicotine has time to condense. This is one reason why cigarettes have so powerful an effect, even on men who are accustomed to the use of tobacco in other forms. In addition to the nicotine in cigarettes, many of the brands are adulterated with flavoring substances which have a most deleterious effect upon the human system.

The distressing sickness produced by smoking the first cigarette illustrates the real effect which the cigarette has upon the human body. The nervous system soon acquires a certain tolerance as far as its sensibilities are concerned, but the nicotine continues its deadly work unperceived, crippling the liver, destroying the brain cells, and ruining other important organs. Although a chloroformed patient does not feel the surgeon's knife, the operation is just as real. So it is with the action of nicotine upon the millions of tiny nerve cells with their numerous delicate, little branches. Recent scientific investigation has shown that alcohol, nicotine and similar nerve poisons tend to shrivel up these delicate nerve-cell tendrils.

This partially accounts for the poor memory, listlessness and lack of mental power of the average cigarette smoker.

Professor J. W. Seaver, physical director at Yale University, who has probably examined more students from this point of view than any other man, has observed not only a marked diminution of chest capacity, but has also noticed that the general physical development of the cigarette smoker is far below the normal standard, and from his extensive experience he finds that cigarette smokers seldom attain to high scholarship.

Every cigarette smoker, unless Providence delivers him from his terrible bondage, will sooner or later have more or less experience with 'tobacco heart.' Nicotine tends to produce 'tobacco heart' just as water swarming with typhoid fever germs tends to produce typhoid fever, and although some people drink such water without contracting the disease, yet no sensible person would conclude that such water is harmless even if it tastes pleasant to those who have acquired the morbid liking for it. Why not apply the same sound reasoning to nicotine?

Hon. George Torrence, formerly superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory, says: 'Of two hundred and seventy-eight boys between the ages of ten and fifteen in the Illinois State Reformatory, when the investigation was made in 1899, ninety-two percent were found in the habit of smoking cigarettes at the time they were committed. Even more astonishing is the fact that eighty-two percent had become so addicted to their use as to be classed at the time as 'cigarette fiends.' Eighty or eighty-five percent of the boys who came to our Illinois reformatory came from good families—families in which the parents, brothers and sisters are all doing well and living above suspicion. Other reformatory managers who have made investigations find what is true of Illinois to be true elsewhere.'

Frank W. Gunsaulus, president of Armour Institute, Chicago, says: 'I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind and body, or more subversive of good morals than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization. This is my judgment as an educator.'

In a recent nerve clinic a boy nineteen years of age was brought to me, who illustrates what will soon become a common sight if this mania for cigarettes shall continue. This boy was of good parentage, and he had no evil habits except cigarette smoking, which he had begun at the age of nine. Ten years of cigarette poisoning had made him hopelessly insane.

In her recent military operations, Great Britain has made the humiliating discovery that the cigarette is crippling the flower of her youth. General Lyttleton, commander of the forces in South Africa, says: 'The majority of those who are sent out give evidence of marked physical deterioration, and are of a low standard of intelligence.' The 'Chicago Tribune' reports him as saying: 'It will take three years of feeding and training to bring them up to the point where they will be able to do a day's work without breaking down.' The whole trouble he traces directly to cigarettes.

A host of cigarette smokers have arisen, and it is these men, too lazy, too weak in mind to seek or to do work, who are enlisting for service in the army. It is stated that after months of drilling and training many of these recruits seem unable to remember the simplest movements of the manual.

What is the remedy? You must set a good example. There will be no saloons or cigar stands in the earth made new. Now is the time to be delivered from enslaving habits. If you find it difficult to dispense with tobacco, that should be convincing evidence that it is injuring you, and think how much more difficult it would be for you to break the chains that bind you if you had contracted the habit when you were a mere child. Thousands of boys foolishly imagine that it is 'manly' to smoke cigarettes. They are absolutely ignorant of the awful effects, and are as much in need of enlightenment as the heathen in India and China are in need of the light of the spiritual gospel.

The forces of evil are thoroughly organized, therefore is it not important that those who are working for the uplifting of humanity should be equally well organized for their work? Why not organize the boys of your neighborhood into an anti-cigarette league? A letter enclosing a stamp to Mrs. E. B. Ingalls, 5250 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo., will bring you the necessary information.

No slave of the cigarette habit need consider his case hopeless. The same divine power that spoke deliverance to the captives in the time of Christ and which is ready to save the drunkard to-day, is just as efficient in rescuing the slave to cigarettes. Resolve to quit at once and forever.

The sooner the nicotine can be eliminated from the system the sooner the desire for it will pass away. As a large portion of the poison is eliminated through the skin, vigorous sweating will hasten the cure. Copious water drinking is also beneficial. In overcoming this habit, it is extremely important that all the stimulating and irritating articles of food, as spices, condiments, flesh foods, tea, coffee, etc., should be excluded from the dietary. It is these irritating substances that create a demand for the after-dinner cigar of the ordinary smoker.

Properly prepared meals consisting largely of luscious fruits, grains and nuts, will hasten the deliverance of the slave of tobacco, and reduce to a minmium the struggle necessary to win the battle. The distressing heart symptoms which sometimes appear can be relieved almost instantly by placing over the heart a towel wrung out of cold water, or a rubber bag filled with crushed ice. In order to strengthen the nervous system and improve the general tone of the body, it is a good plan to adopt the habit of taking a cold sponge bath upon rising in the morning. Those who will take the trouble to adopt a few of these simple procedures and at the same time earnestly seek God for his divine aid, will be saved from the insane asylum, the hospital or premature death, which is so likely to be their portion, if the nicotine is allowed to continue its deadly work.

A Methodist in Canada frankly admits that when he came to an article in his paper headed: 'Am I This Moment Honoring God?' he had to take his pipe out of his mouth.

It is a Mistake

to suppose that strong drink is needful to happy fellowship. 'Conviviality' has spelt destruction in countless cases. What a tale could be unfolded of the gifted and fair who were brought to death by strong drink! Preachers and poets, statesmen and scientists, masters and servants, friends, the dearest and best, have been slain through the mistake that fellowship, friendship, pleasure could be got in alcohol. 'Where there's drink there's danger.'

The outside is the only safe side of the house where you cannot visit unless you drink. The fellowship that is dependent on drinking is unworthy and degrading.

IT IS A MISTAKE

to suppose that abstainers either exaggerate the virtues of abstinence on the one hand or the evils of drinking on the other. They know, of course, that abstinence is not all that a man requires. Indeed, abstainers who are wise do not claim great credit for abstaining. In doing that they do but their duty, and so do what is safest for themselves and others. Nor do they overlook that there are other evils besides those of drinking. Drinkers often urge that there are 'many worse evils.' But it is forgotten that drunkenness is not only an evil in itself, but the prolific source of other evils that are deplored.—'Temperance Vanguard.'

What Drink Does.

Many of our readers will remember reading General William Booth's famous book, entitled 'In Darkest England,' and will recall the fact that this great moral reform worker unhesitatingly and sternly denounces the liquor traffic as the cause of most of the poverty and degradation that curses so many British subjects. Here are a couple of extracts from his great book, forcibly setting out the magnitude and extent of the terrible liquor curse:

'Have you ever watched by the bedside of a man in delirium tremens? Multiply the sufferings of that one drunkard by the hundred thousand, and you have some idea of what scenes are being witnessed in all our great cities at this moment. As in Africa streams intersect the forest in every direction, so the gin mill stands at every corner, with its River of Death flowing seventeen hours out of the twenty-four for the destruction of the people. A population sodden with drink, steeped in vice, eaten up by every social and physical malady, these are the denizens of Darkest England amidst whom my life has been spent, and to whose rescue I would now summon all that is best in the manhood and womanhood of our land.'

'Talk about Dante's Hell, and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and with bleeding heart through the shambles of our civilization, needs no such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror. Often and often when I have seen the young and the poor and the helpless go down before my eyes into the morass, trampled underfoot by beasts of prey in human shape that haunt their regions, it seemed as if God were no longer in his world, but that in his stead there reigned a fiend, merciless as Hell, ruthless as the grave. . . . I will take the question of the drunkard, for the drink difficulty lies at the root of everything. Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice and crime spring from this poisonous tap-root. Many of our social evils which overshadow the land like so many upas trees would dwindle away and die if they were not constantly watered with strong drink.'—'Pioneer.'

To avoid chill, says a writer in the 'Daily Mail,' the 'most important factor is a liberal supply of nourishing food. . . . . Alcohol is of little use. It is but a spoonful of paraffin to a low fire. There is a flare-up for a minute or two, and darker cinders after.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Inwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to you before, and was pleased to see it in print. I live near a small village called Inwood, through which the M.C.R. runs. It is growing very fast. The story about 'Daph' was very interesting. She was so patient and faithful. I think if there were more people to-day as true as she was it would be a good deal better. I would like to be a member of the Royal League of Kindness, and will promise to try and keep the rules. I think a ribbon would be a very nice badge for the members to wear, but I think you have chosen a more suitable one: a bright and happy face. Here are a couple of lines which I think are very true:

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back;
If you smile, it returns the greeting.

WM. JAS. S.

Hartman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—First of all I must thank you for the beautiful Bible which I received a short time ago. I think it is a very nice present for so little work. Nearly all the other boys and girls tell about their sisters or brothers, but I cannot do that, as I have none; but I have a baby brother in heaven. Hartman is not a village, but only a tract of country thickly populated. The Hartman Methodist Church is only about a quarter of a mile from here. As for books, I have not read many. Here are the names of a few that I have read: 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Swamp of Death,' 'Making Home Happy,' 'Senaniza the Faithful Kaffir,' and other smaller ones. We have some little chickens without a mother, and we also have a gray and white cat, and if she hears the chickens chirp she will go and meow to them, then pick one up by the head, carry it into the house, put it under the stove, and lie down with it, as she would with a kitten.

ALMEDA P. R.

North Gower.

Dear Editor,—I received your Bagster Bible, and like it very much, and beg to thank you for it. We all like the 'Messenger' very much indeed, and could not do without it.

ERNEST H.

Woodland, Me.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eighteen years of age. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and think it a very nice paper. I wish to thank you for the fine fountain pen you sent me for getting subscribers for your paper. In the 'Messenger' dated Feb. 12, I saw you invited your readers to join the Royal League of Kindness, so I have concluded to do so. I would like to correspond with Freddie C., if he would write first. Wishing the R. L. of K. every success, I will close.

EDWARD McI.

Kincardine, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger,' and I like it well. I have not seen a letter in it from Kincardine. So I will write you one. Last winter was very cold, and it was blowing and freezing nearly every day. We had four feet of snow. The oldest settlers had not seen any winter as cold. The G.T.R. was delayed a month from coming in by the snow and ice. We felt lonesome for the sound of the whistle and the train. At one time our mail was delayed for two weeks. When papa got his mail they told him he would need a wheelbarrow to carry it home. We were threatened several times with a fuel famine, as we use chiefly coal in this town, and as it came from the United States and no cars were running for so long, you can quite see the difficulty we were placed in. Wood was sold for $16 a cord, poor measure. The shade trees, fences, porches, verandas, furniture and old buildings had to be sacrified. The winters are generally mild here. This was quite exceptional. I am going to the Central School, and like it very much. I have two brothers attending the Collegiate Institute, two sisters at the Ward School, and a brother at the Central School. We have two violins (one is 70 years old), and my brothers play from notes. We have an upright organ. I have been taking lessons, and papa has just got an upright piano, up-to-date. I am going to take lessons on it during this summer. Papa is anxious for us to be able to play when we are young. This is a very pretty place on Lake Huron. A number of large boats come in. We ship hay, grain, potatoes, salt fish and many other things, and close to our harbor we have the terminus of the G.T.R., often a very lively place. Our town has 3,000 of a population. We have chair, furniture, planing and pick factory, foundry and boiler works, two salt blocks, churches, stores, hotels, tannery, mill (common to nearly every town), granolithic sidewalks, and also a number of fruit gardens and orchards on the lake shore. My papa has been getting the 'Daily Witness' for over twenty-five years, and he likes it well. He says you are right on all the important points that constitute the building of home, country and nation. I am ten years of age.

TENA McK.

Clinton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I saw Florence W.'s poetry in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would make some up, too. I hope you will have my letter in the 'Messenger.' I always like writing to people I don't know, though it may be rather funny. I like the 'Messenger' very much, though this is only our second year taking it. My piece is called 'Baby Kate,' and here it is:

BABY KATE.

The train was rushing on its way
To Edmonton, when Baby Kate
Ran out upon the track 'to thee
The bid blat chou-chou carths.' 'Oh, fate,'
The mother cried, 'Save darling Kate!'

On rushed the train, and Baby Kate
Laughed hard to hear the whistle blow;
The train began to slacken speed,
And yet it could not be too slow.
To run away, how did Kate know?

The train had almost reached the child,
When up upon the track there flew
A little girl with cheeks of red,
Her eyes of the most lovely blue,
And to her side the babe she drew.

On rushed the train—she felt its breath—
And tried to pull wee Kate away.
'No, no! me yants to have a yide,'
Was all the little girl would say.
The train was not a rod away.

She took the child into her arms,
Then threw her far into the grass;
The cruel train then knocked her down,
As if to make a way to pass—
An ending sad to the brave lass.

With frown upon her little brow
The mother then her baby found;
With hands clutched tight upon the grass,
And scowling face bent to the ground:
'What's wrong, are you not safe and sound?'

The baby lifted up her head,
Her face still clouded in a frown,
'What's wrong, my lamb?' the mother said.
'Dat nathty dirl, thee fwowed me down,
And, thee, my hand ith dayty bwown.'

I wonder if any little girl has a birthday the same day as I have, the twenty-first of February.

AMY G.

Goderich, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for about a year. A kind friend sent it to us. My mamma had it in her home when she was a little girl. My papa died five years ago, and I have two brothers dead also, one of whom was a minister in Montreal. He used to preach in the Melville Church. I have three brothers living, one is a missionary in China, another a minister in the United States and the other is at home. My papa was a minister also. I will be thirteen years old on December 10.

PEARL MacG.

A.B. Mission, Palmoor, via Janumpett P.O.,
Deccan, South India.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' which I prize very highly. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year and a half, and enjoy it with full enthusiasm. I moved from Ongole to this place in the Nézam's dominions six months ago. I am always fond of reading the articles on 'Temperance.' I feel delighted and rapturous on glancing over the letters of little girls and boys in your paper. I have parents, two brothers, five sisters, three uncles and three aunts. One of my uncles is a teacher in the Theological Seminary at Ramapatam. In the long run, I request you to be benign enough to make the change in my address as above. May God bestow his overflowing mercies upon the 'Messenger' and its editor.

B. B.

Surrey, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my third letter to the 'Messenger.' I have been taking it for two years. We all like it very much. My father keeps the post-office. We have a cow and a horse. My only pet is a dog named Jack. I have three sisters older than myself, and a brother younger. I am ten years old. We live quite handy to the Petitcodiac River. I go to school every day, and I am in the sixth grade. It is vacation time now, and I am very glad. Surrey is a very pretty place in the summer. My birthday is on July 20. Wishing all the boys and girls a good time during their vacation,

ROY C. B.

Somenos, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading about the Royal League of Kindness, and I would like very much to join it. I promise to try and observe the rules. Four of my sisters and two of my cousins would also like to join. Our names are: Winifred M. Herd, Marion D. Herd, Thomas H. D. Herd, Ivy N. Herd, Jessibelle Herd, Muriel Herd and Effie S. Herd.

I enjoyed May 24 very much. We had a picnic down at Maple Bay. It is a very pretty bay. We had some very nice boat rides. We came home just before sunset. There was another picnic during the week, but it rained so hard we could not go. My favorite verse is:

Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Though dark the clouds may be to-day,
His heart has planned your path and mine,
Have faith in God, have faith alway.

WINIFRED M. H. (aged 14).

Shebeshekong, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' a short time ago, and as it was not printed, I think I will try again, as it is often said:—'Try and try again, boys, you'll succeed at last.' I live twenty-two miles from our nearest town, which is Parry Sound. I am like some more of the writers, I have a little brother in heaven. I have three brothers and three sisters living. The last time I wrote I had only two sisters. But now I have the dearest little sister, only three weeks old, and her name is Marion. I am the oldest of the family. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and all think it the most beautiful paper printed. It is interesting for both old and young, and all of the stories teach us to love Jesus. I liked the story of 'Daph and Her Charge,' and was sorry to see its end. My favorite piece is in the third reader, called 'Bingen on the Rhine.' My favorite flower is hard to choose, but I think it is the white water lily. I have only read one book, and that is one of the Elsie books. In the summer we often go boat-riding, and also go berry-picking, as we live near the bay and among acres of berry-bushes. I suppose there are others beside myself glad that the holidays are here. I like to read the Editor's letters best; but, boys and girls, do not take that as a hint not to write. We are getting ripe strawberries here now. I wonder if any of the writers' birthdays are on the same day as mine, which is on Sept. 22. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness.

ALICE R. A. (aged 13).

Morris, Man.

Dear Editor,—My home is in the town of Morris, and it is a pretty place. We have two rivers: one is the Red River and the other is the Morris River. We have all kinds of boat rides. I have been going right along to the Sunday-school. We all take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. We have a puppy about three months old, and an Angora cat, and of the two I can hardly tell which can fight the best. The dog is rather stubborn to teach, but mamma told me to have patience with him, and he will soon know better. I hope he will.

FRED. LeM. (aged 14).

HOUSEHOLD.

Use the Oiled Feather for a Quiet House.

A vine or branch of a tree swaying against a window makes an eerie sound that may be obviated by judicious pruning, if it cannot be tied back securely. A creaky board in the floor can usually be tightened by nailing more securely to the joist. If this does not avail drive thin wedges into the cracks to tighten.

A loose window casing also requires splinters driven in to tighten until the carpenter comes to 'make a thorough job of it.'

A whistling sound from the burning gas indicates that unconsumed gas is escaping through the burner. Turn the key until the sound ceases. Burners should be frequently cleaned and renewed when they do not work well, and a loose key that does not indicate to a certainty whether gas is turned on or off should not be tolerated for a day.

The cogs of a wringer or an eggbeater should never be allowed to get wet, as that takes off the oil. If they have been wet, and stick and squeak, oil them.

Oil or tallow on metal and soap or paraffine on the wood groves of a dumb-waiter assist in keeping it 'dumb,' while soap or vaseline will do the same for a creaky chair.

For creaky shoes try first soaking the sole in oil. Pour a small quantity of linseed or sweet oil upon an old plate or flat dish and allow the shoes to stand in it over night. In this way they not only usually lose the squeak but being saturated with oil become proof against damp.

In extreme cases the only thing known as a sure cure for creaky shoes is French talc, and in this case the services of a cobbler must be called into requisition. Pry apart the leathers of the sole and blow in the talc, using an insect powder bellows or a tube in the mouth. Then sew up the sole. Or a shoemaker for five cents will drive a little wooden peg through the sole which will hold the pieces of leather of which it is composed together. In case of sickness the noise made by throwing coal on the fire may be obviated by putting the coal in paper bags, then laying it on the fire.

The banshee wailing that often comes through the speaking tube in windy weather may be laid low by a temporary plug of wood or soft paper.—Philadelphia 'Telegraph.'

A Few Laundry Hints.

There is nothing so good for removing iron rust from white clothes as a solution of oxalic acid, made by adding two ounces of the acid to one pint of clear water. Shake thoroughly, and keep the bottle containing it well corked so it will not lose its strength. Wet the spots or rust with this preparation, and cover them with salt. As soon as the rust disappears, rinse the goods in clear water. If the rinsing is neglected, the acid will eat the cloth. This oxalic acid must be handled carefully, as it is a powerful poison.

If the laundress will add a half cupful of vinegar to each bucket of water and rinse the white clothes in it, following with a rinze in the blue water, she will find that they will look cleaner.

Put a covered basket or clothes-bag in a convenient place, and let the members of the family put their soiled garments in it. This will save much time and many steps on wash day.

Many cushion covers, small tablecovers, tidies, etc., are made of denim, sateen, art linen and other wash goods. The fashion is a very serviceable one; for, if they are laundered carefully, they will look fresh and pretty as long as they last. Prepare a suds of warm (not hot) water and put in a heaping teaspoonful of borax. Wash them through two waters, rubbing them just enough to make them perfectly clean. Rinse well, and pass through the wringer, or squeeze them gently in the hands. Hang them on the line, and when about half dry roll tightly and leave them for an hour or two before ironing. The addition of borax is a great help, and does not injure the most delicate colors. If any stiffening is thought necessary, put a little boiled starch in the second rinse water. Any rents or worn places should be mended before the article is put in the water, using ravellings of the goods or very fine linen floss, as nearly as possible the same color as the article to be mended.

Coffee stains and most fruit stains can be removed from table linen by stretching the stained portion over a bowl and pouring hot water over it. Washing in sweet milk is also good for fruit or for ink stains.—'Morning Star.'

Selected Recipes.

Rice pudding made with beef tea instead of milk makes an excellent savory pudding for an invalid.

Rice is much nicer steamed than boiled, as then each grain is separate from the others and is white and dry as it should be.

Rice Croquettes.—For rice croquettes, cook the rice in milk in a double boiler, salting it when half done. For one cupful of rice use one quart of milk. When done add two tablespoonfuls of butter, the beaten yolks of two eggs, one level tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and white pepper and cayenne to taste. Form into croquettes, dip in seasoned and beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat.

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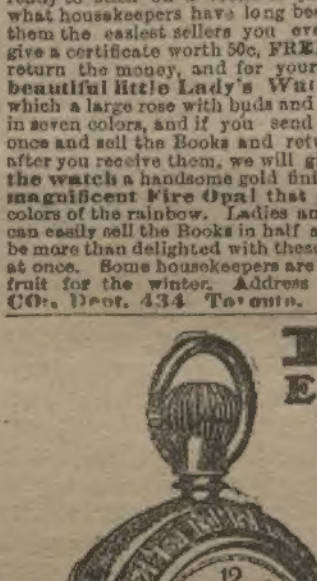

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